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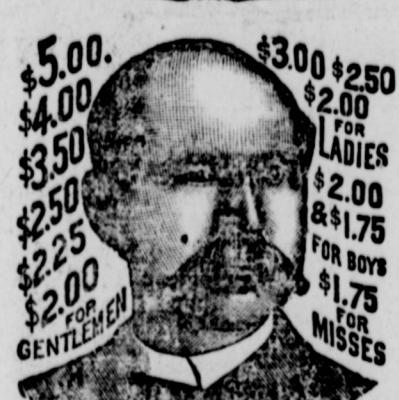
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NO. 41.

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SHORT AND SWEET.

An Engagement that Didn't Stay Broken.

The Girl Learned to Appreciate Her Lover Before it Was Too Late, and all Ends Well. [ALBANY TELEGRAM.]

"Are you writing a novel, dear?" asked Kate Laurence of her friend, Connie Luttrell, who had been bending over her writing desk for some time.

"More unfortunate business," said Connie, with a laugh. "I am breaking my engagement to Leigh Summers."

"Poor fellow."

"Oh, I haven't seen him for a year, and I dare say he'll be as glad to get off as I am."

"But, you are not in love with anybody else, are you?" hazarded Kate.

"No, but every woman has a right to change her mind," said Connie, impatiently.

The letter was posted in time and an answer came, pleasantly acquiescing in Kate's decision.

Strange to say, she felt a moved that Leigh agreed with her so readily.

Somehow she felt more worn out than usual when vacation came, so she went to the seashore. Brighton was very gay.

"Summers Leigh is coming to morrow," said an old friend, Colonel Gordon, whom she met on the beach.

"How odd," said Kate. "I once knew a Leigh Summers."

"It's quite a romantic history. He has inherited a fortune from a maternal uncle, who, being a Leigh, naturally wished the name to be perpetuated. So he has transformed his own appellation, and a splendid young fellow is he."

"Handsome, polished, full of that ease which springs from natural good breeding. I don't know of man—in the rising generation, that is,—who has impressed me more favorably. Do you not agree with me, Miss Luttrell?"

"I—I don't know!" stammered Connie.

"I can't remember. It's ages and ages since I have seen him. We were both children then."

"Ah! indeed!" said the colonel.

Things were in-deed transposed now. One night, when she was invited to a reception at which Mr. Leigh was expected to attend, Connie's heart throbbed tumultuously.

"My old lover," she said to herself. "My discarded suitor! How strange all this has come about! I wonder what he will say when he meets me!"

Mr. Leigh met his former flame with the utmost calmness, as it happened.

"We are old friends, are we not?" said he. "May I have the honor of your hand for the next dance? It is a waltz I believe."

So the meet was over and Connie was angry at herself for fancying it would be different from any other casual introduction.

"Oh, you fool!" she apostrophized herself in the looking-glass that night. "Oh, you horrid, mean spirited little idiot! I haven't a particle of patience with you. You ought to be shut up in a convent or thrown down a well or something dreadful."

And then, poor girl, she sat down and cried bitterly.

The vacation went by like a happy, fever-dream. By turns Connie did not know whether she was utterly miserable or unreasonably happy.

She wished herself back a thousand times at Clayham, and yet whenever she thought of leaving Brighton she was overwhelmed with despair.

"What is to be the end of this?" she thought. Of course he will marry Miss Vandeleur. She is rich and beautiful and exactly suited to be his wife. Everybody says so, but—

She turned away with a choking sensation at her heart.

"I—" she cried, "I who have always despised lovesick damsels, to think that this shall be my fate! But I will go to the ball to-night—my last night here—and then back to the old old."

Miss Vandeleur was there, in pale pink tulle and pearls, and on her finger there sparkled a crescent of diamonds. Connie's heart sank when she saw the ring.

"They are engaged," she thought. "Oh, I knew—I was sure it would be so!"

But after Leigh had danced one gallop with Miss Vandeleur he crossed the room to where Connie was sitting all pale and drooping.

"Miss Luttrell," said he gently, "may I speak to you?"

"He is going to tell me now," thought the girl, with a jump at her heart. "Oh, why does he select me for his confidant?"

But she answered with a shadowy, sickly sort of smile: "Oh, certainly; of course."

"Connie, you accepted me once and then you rejected me—"

"Yes," faltered Connie; "I—that is—I didn't reject you. I thought I had changed my mind, but now—now I am sure I love you as much as I ever did."

She spoke the rash, daring words in answer to a sudden light in his eyes; the next instant her hand was clasped tightly in his. Suddenly she withdrew it with a start.

"Miss Vandeleur," she cried; "what will she say?"

"Miss Vandeleur is just affianced to Colonel Graham, my most intimate friend. Connie, there is but one woman in the world whom I shall ever call wife, and that is you! Shall we begin our love life again?"

So they were engaged a second time, and Kate Laurence was bridegroom over her writing desk for some time.

[Mr. Bethel's Pamphlet.]

[HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.]

There lived, many years ago, in Ireland, a barrister by the name of Bethel, who was rather proud of his attainments, and who liked to show them off in the writing of pamphlets. One of these, said by those who have seen it to be anything but valuable, was upon the subject of the union between Ireland and England.

Meeting a witty acquaintance some days after the publication of his pamphlet, Bethel was asked by him why he had not informed him of its appearance.

"I wonder you didn't tell me you'd written it, Bethel," said the witty acquaintance. "I never saw it until yesterday, and only then by the mere accident."

"Well, how did you like it?" asked Bethel, who was fond of praise, and was anxious to hear what was forthcoming to gratify his vanity.

"How did I like it?" repeated the other. "Why, it contained some of the best things I ever saw in a pamphlet."

"I wonder you didn't tell me you'd written it, Bethel," said the other.

"What?" cried Bethel, his face turning purple.

"By our sweet niece, Mabel, The dear little one,

"For whom so many kindnesses,

My sister, you have done.

We found mother crushed Beneath the great weight—

Sister not because you'd Entered the pearl gate.

No, you was her first and Her afflicted daughter.

Had been her solace.

Through much troubled water.

Said you had taxed your feeble frame Beyond measure

For her comfort in old age,

And, also, her pleasure.

Oh, what shall I say of B. Your darling daughter.

She is trying hard to sail O'er the troubled water.

Pleads constantly for Strength from above,

Which God will soon grant For she is a child of his love.

Sorrow on every visage There was revealed,

Not because you're roaming The Elysian fields.

But this vacuum in our hearts And old home

It was but natural sister, For us all to mourn.

But oh, sister, can we live Without you here?

Twill only seem so strange, Oh, me, and so drear.

Farewell dear sister, I'll soon Meet thee on high,

Mean while will implore God My tears to dry.

Oh, God! please heal all Our broken hearts

And may we never from Thy precepts depart

Lord look in pity on Our aged mother

And may thy comforting Angel Around her ever hover.

Brothers and sisters, we are Now only eight

And another will soon enter The golden gate.

Oh, blessed Savior who of us May be the one?

May we the welcome Plaudit, well done.

And when we all quit Our walks among men,

I trust there will be no less then, Than our number ten.

And may we on that great day, Meet father and mother,

Without the loss of one Dear sister or brother.

M. JANE GILLMORE

Abuse of School Houses. Trustees, a Word.

[HOME AND SCHOOL.]

Wedded Bites. [EXCHANGE.]

Most people begin married life hoping and expecting that they will be happy in it. They fancy that marriage has a magic power of conferring happiness almost in spite of themselves, and are quite surprised when experience teaches them that domestic felicity, like everything else worth having, must be worked for. If no two people have it so much in their power to torment each other as husband and wife, it is their bounden duty to guard against this liability by cultivating the habit of domestic politeness. For this reason it is pleasant to see a young wife, or an old one either, for that matter, going to the foot of the stairs or to the hall door, with her husband when he goes to his business in the morning, and welcoming him back in the evening.

The love that never expresses itself in such outward courtesies is in danger of dying of inanition. And the younger husband, on his part, should not leave home in a bad temper or so much engrossed in business that he can not bid his wife an affectionate farewell. An unkind word at parting may make her sad all the day, for business and strange faces do not divert her thoughts as they do those of her husband. Too often the husband takes the loving little courtesies of his wife as a matter of course, and seems to think that they need not be returned. For himself he could scarcely do without the good-bye at his door which tortifies him for the business of the day. Let him appreciate these things before it is too late. Sweet were the words uttered at a meeting and parting before marriage, and there is not the slightest reason why the wedding ceremony should put an end to the courtship.

Lines Dedicated to the Memory of Mrs. Francis Morris.

Dear sister, you have gone

So soon after brother,

And left another vacancy

In the home of our mother.

We dare not question providence,

To understand the cause,

Why God so suddenly,

Doth execute his laws.

Which in the garden of Eden

Were irreversibly proclaimed,

Because there sin began

It's incessant reign.

Dear sister, how sadly

We missed thee at home

For our arrival,

The sad news was borne.

Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

J. B. ROGERS, - Editor and Proprietor.

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1893.

OHIO county always comes in for her share of the honor.

It was estimated that the largest crowd in Louisville for many years was there Wednesday and Thursday.

At one of Sam Jones services the other day three thousand women stood to testify their determinations to fight the whiskey traffic in the city.

It is not a little queer that everybody who went from Hartford to hear Sam Jones left home condemning him and came back praising him. Sam is truly a man of magnetism if nothing more.

We would call the attention of our readers that while there may be a good deal of wind used in running a newspaper, there is another ingredient called money, it is quite necessary. Make yourself and the editor feel good by paying up and a year ahead.

THE meeting of the National League of Republican Clubs, at Louisville marks an era in the political affairs of the South. It means, if it means anything, that Kentucky and the Solid South are to be made a battle ground for the political parties and not merely "a recruiting ground" for the Democratic party as it has been for a quarter of a century. A few years at most, will sure break the Solid South, and, when it is broken the Chinese wall of political ignorance and prejudice that has surrounded so long will crumble away. The fact that the South is solid and boasts it is an obstacle in the way of the development of the fair Southland.

The Big Republican Meeting at Louisville.

On Tuesday the Kentucky Republican League Club met at McCauley's Theater in Louisville with a large and enthusiastic attendance. Quite an interesting meeting was had and the various delegates and members of various Committees for the National League the following day were chosen. Col. J. S. R. Wedding, of this city, without solicitation on his part, was made an alternate, which was quite a deserving compliment. The Garfield Republican Club gave a banquet at night at their elegant quarters on Sixth Street. On Wednesday at 10:30 the National League met at McCauley's Theater with representatives present from almost every State and Territory in the Union. President Clarkson called the meeting to order and Col. Andrew Cowan introduced Mayor Taylor who extended the delegates the freedom of the city. President L. J. Crawford spoke on the behalf of the State League of Kentucky and Hon. A. E. Wilson on behalf of the Louisville League. All the speeches and especially the last one were received with much applause. President Clarkson delivered a ringing address, outlining present political problems and their solution. The League adjourned for the evening races at Churchill Downs and at night met at Phenix Hill to enjoy the great musical treat and to listen to the speeches of some of the big guns.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the whole meeting, which adjourned yesterday. It is the most important political gathering held South of the Mason and Dixon line since 1860.

Ice for sale at any time and any quantity, at Williams Bros. ff

WILL Adjourn.

FRANKFORT, KY., May 8.—The House Committee on Rules this afternoon agreed to report to the House to-morrow a resolution providing that the General Assembly adjourn sine die at noon on Tuesday, June 13 next. Some of the members favored adjourning at an earlier date and holding an adjourned session next fall, but June 13 was finally agreed upon unanimously.

As the Senate has repeatedly agreed to adjourning resolutions it is certain that this resolution will be satisfactory to that branch. It may have opposition in the House, but will most likely be adopted.

BEACH FORK.

May 6.—We are having some very bad weather.

We are glad to announce that Robert Brickey, after being confined for some time with a spinal affection, is improving.

Miss Grace Taul, who has been very low for some time, is better.

The storm of April the 30th, did a great deal of damage in this neighborhood, blowing down fences, timber, and even barns. Gabriel Brickey's barn was unroofed, luckily there was nothing in the barn at the time in the way of stock.

It is reported that W. C. Taul lost three hundred dollars by the hurricane. May God give us grace to believe.

The people are becoming discouraged with so much rain. Lay low boys, the time will come for setting tobacco before long, bringing with it all the glory of spring and more score backs than a few. DICKENS.

Card of Thanks.

To our neighbors and many friends we return our thanks for kindness shown and assistance rendered in our son's last sickness. May the blessings of God ever be with you.

J. W. AND N. J. STEVENS.

WASHINGTON.

The President and Cabinet Officers Returned to the Capital.

If Hon. Charles Foster, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, isn't the proudest man in Ohio he ought to be. Every newspaper reader remembers how the Democratic press took up the charge made by Congressman Springer and other Democratic members of the House, when Mr. Foster's report of the condition at the close of the present fiscal year was submitted to Congress last December. He was charged with purposely juggling the figures in that report so as to make it appear that a surplus of available cash would remain in the Treasury at the close of the fiscal year, whereas Mr. Springer and other Democratic know-it-alls were absolutely certain, at least they said they were and that there would be a deficit, and that Mr. Foster knew it and was trying to hide it. Now Mr. Springer and his associates, as well as the Democratic editors, who rang the silly charges for weeks, should crawl into holes and pull the holes in after them, for it is officially stated by Democratic Treasury officials that the available surplus on June 30, next, the end of the present fiscal year, will be about \$2,700,000, whereas Secretary Foster had estimated last December that it would be \$2,000,000. Mr. Foster should send Congressman Springer a telegram reading: "I told you so. Charles Foster."

When Mr. Cleveland and those members of his cabinet who accompanied him to the World's Fair returned to Washington they found the office-seekers smilingly waiting them, although some of the waiters openly acknowledge that they have reached the "hot and hungry" stage. But as one member of the cabinet remarked, "Let them have patience, for that is all that the most of them will get."

"Uncle Jerry" Rusk has gone home and Washington will know him no more, until another Republican President is inaugurated. He will stop a few days at the World's Fair before again resuming his place as a Wisconsin farmer. "Uncle Jerry" carries away with him the good wishes of everybody in Washington. That is something that can be truthfully said of few members of any cabinet; but he deserves all, and more, than can be said in his praise. He never had the "big head," that attacks so many public officials. He left Washington as he entered a plain, honest straightforward man.

There is a condensed sermon on the tariff question contained in the following remarks made in this city by Mr. George Beard, a large iron manufacturer of Glasgow. Said he: "The iron and steel trade of England and Scotland is suffering considerable depression just now, because of over-production. The output has increased faster than the demand. I hope your people will soon repeal the McKinley law, for since it went into effect my house has not sold a dollar's worth of sheet iron or steel in the United States."

Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt, who tendered his resignation to Mr. Cleveland two days after his inauguration, has, at Mr. Cleveland's personal request, withdrawn the resignation and consented to keep his present position.

There is a general disposition here to criticize the failure to extend invitations to ex-President Harrison and ex-Vice-President Morton to attend the naval review and the World's Fair. It was certainly a very unusual lack of courtesy on the part of those who sent out the invitations. Secretary Herbert is the guilty man, so far as the naval review is concerned; but there seems to be a doubt as to who is to blame for the failure to invite them to the World's Fair. It will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland was invited to attend the dedicatory ceremonies, held at Chicago last September.

Having received about all the "glory" that could be abstracted from his alleged snubbing of the Wall Street Bankers, it is now stated that Secretary Carlisle has not only promised to go to New York, if another flurry occurs, to confer with the aforesaid Wall Street Bankers, but also to pay them for the use of any gold he may find it necessary to borrow from them. Verily, this administration is a queer compound; but so is the party that put it in office.

Protection and Prices. [LOUISVILLE COMMERCIAL.]

If the question is asked, why articles are cheaper under protection, the answer is a plain one. Price is governed by the law of demand and supply. If the demand increases and the supply remains the same, the prices go up. If the demand remains the same the prices go down.

The old policy of the British Government when it controlled our trade was clearly outlined in an article on "Trade," published in London, as follows: Manufacturers of our American colonies should be discouraged and prohibited. We ought always to keep a watchful eye on our colonies to prevent them from setting up any of the manufactures which are carried on in Great Britain, and any such attempts should be crushed in the beginning. It is proposed that they be prohibited from manufacturing hats, stockings or leather of any kind, or weaving either woolen, or spinning or combing wool, or working in any manufactures of iron further than making it into pig iron."

In a speech made in the House of Commons, Mr. Broghman declared it was well worth while to incur a loss upon the first exportsation to India, by the glut, to stifle in the cradle those infant manufactures in the United States which the war had en-

forced into existence contrary to the natural order of things." The advice was followed and the articles were thrown on our market in a perfect deluge. Our manufactures went down like grain before the mower, and in New York the principal merchants united in a memorial Congress to save our commerce as well as our manufactures from utter ruin by increasing the Tariff. It was increased and our manufactures were protected against this danger of being forced to sell at cost until they were ruined, since the foreign manufactures could not pay the high duty and sell at cost. Competition was thus established.

In a speech made in the United States Senate in 1832, Mr. Clay said: "By competition the total amount of the supply is increased, and by the increase of the supply competition in the sale ensues, and this enables the consumer to buy at lower rates. All powers operating on the affairs of mankind, none is greater than that of competition. By the American system this vast power has been excited in America and brought into being to act in co-operation and collision with European industry."

A great number of factories and mills were then built under protection that would have been crushed under free trade. The supply of the articles increased in America, and the increase in the supply after the Tariff was imposed, the demand being the same, put the price down to the American consumer.

In June, 1890, the price of steel rails in London was \$30 a ton, and at the same time the price was \$30 a ton in New York under the high Tariff. The Free-trader then puts the question, why not repeat the duty on rails? The answer is that the opponents of the American system have repealed the Tariff three times in the history of this country. The country was again and again deluged with goods, and the American mills were ruined. The number of factories decreased, and as soon as the foreigners got control of our markets they put the price of all articles up. The price of iron rails in 1840 was \$50 a ton. The duty was repealed, and the English manufacturers at once put the price down to \$40 a ton and the American mills were ruined. As soon as the foreign manufacturers got control of our markets by importing and selling at cost until their American rivals were broken up, they again advanced the price of the foreign rails from \$40 to \$60 and then to \$80 a ton.

In December, 1890, in an address delivered before the Reform Club in Boston, Mass., the Hon. Roger Q. Mills said: "We can now manufacture in nine months all the goods we can consume in twelve." It is an admission that the increase in the supply of articles is 22 per cent greater than the supply. In the infancy of our manufactures hundreds of our laborers were employed in our mills and thousands of dollars invested. But now thousands of laborers are employed and millions of dollars invested. In infancy the price of articles was nearer the maximum; now it is the minimum. If the Tariff was repealed now and the country flooded by the foreign surplus of manufactured articles, it would be overproduction. Thousands of laborers would be thrown out of employment and millions of dollars be lost in the wreck of our manufactures. The danger of being forced to manufacture and sell at cost is greater when the price is the minimum, and the need of protection at that time is greater than at any other.

A LONG SPEECH. Louisville Commercial.—Mr. J. C. Carter spoke in all forty hours in opening the case of this country before the Behring Sea Commission, and he spoke so well that the President of the tribunal said: "I can not refrain from thanking you, sir, for this magnificent speech, which has been characterized by a loftiness of view well worthy of this high court." That eminent British organ, the New York Times, however, decided before Mr. Carter got nearly through his speech that this country has no case.

LEGISLATURE AND THE RACES. Frankfort Capital.—It is the common lot of man to walk home from the races, and the members of the Legislature who went to Lexington furnish no exception to the rule. An accident at a point four miles from this city delaying their train until a late hour, many of them walked home. For their sakes we decline to publish the stories told by them of the perils of the wreck, as they might be printed by their home papers. It is enough to state that they were slightly demoralized. The accident, while not very serious, interrupted travel to a considerable extent yesterday, but the road will be clear to-day.

WELCOME TO KENTUCKY. Louisville Post.—The advance guard of the great Republican gathering is with us. Louisville gives them its cordial greeting and makes them welcome within her borders. There is no politics with our hospitality, and in the name of Kentucky we bid these gentlemen to possess the town, and if they so desire to paint her a vermillion hue. This convention will contain a large number of brilliant and distinguished men. Men who have helped make this country what it is—the greatest and freest on earth.

Tariff, Finance and Force Bills are hidden away. They have come to see this city and this State, and we wish for them bright skies, a delightful meeting and beg of them a kindly remembrance when they depart.

PLEASANT HILL.

There is not much news from this corner of the country, but will give you the latest happenings of this neighborhood.

Miss Ollie Smith, of Tenn., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Septimus Williams. She will remain for some time in this vicinity. We wish her a pleasant stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Ramsey were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Leach last Saturday and Sunday.

We have an interesting Sunday school at this place. May it do much good, is the wish of your humble scribe.

The E. C. Hubbard Republican Club met pursuant to the call and reorganized and elected delegates to the Louisville Convention. S. L. Stevens and J. B. Rogers were elected delegates.

There is very little room to doubt Harris' guilt. He was made a hero and a martyr by the inevitable senti-

mental idiots who are responsible for so much of the failure of justice. On the face of the testimony against him he appears to have been a cold-blooded, thoroughly selfish scoundrel. After having satisfied his desire he speedily tired of the poor girl who loved and trusted him and was willing to sacrifice life and honor for him. It is pretty clear that he deliberately resolved to get rid of her by marrying her, and afterward he attempted to avert suspicion from himself by claiming that she was a confirmed morphine eater. There was no evidence, however, to sustain this assertion.

He even refused to allow her to be buried as his wife, though afterward he professed to have loved her dearly. Harris was shown to have been incapable of loving anybody but himself and his death removes a villain who had no excuse for his conduct, and as to whose guilt there was scarcely the shadow of a doubt.

KENTUCKY PRESS POINTS.

As Seen and Reported by Various Kentucky Editors.

EDITOR AND THE WEDDING FEAST.

Still Eagle.—The table was beautifully decorated, and as the gladsome sight burst upon our enchanted vision, we hugged our lucky self and was glad to be alive. Oh, ye editors, who sit in your solitary sanctums brooding over the ingratitude of a heartless world, what will cause you to forget the grave responsibilities of life, and lay aside our cares so completely, for a season of enjoyment as this?

The Free-trader then puts the question, why not repeat the duty on rails?

"My father, much astonished, nodded his head almost involuntarily and looked at Mr. Webster with wonder. Daniel Webster straightened himself up at this and continued:

"Mr. President, it was the custom in our cabinet meetings of President Harrison that the president should preside over them. All measures relating to the administration were to be brought before the cabinet, and their settlement was to be decided by the majority of votes, each member of the cabinet and the president having but one vote."

"My father was always courteous, but he was also firm. He rose to his feet and looking about the cabinet room he said: "Gentlemen, I am very proud to have in my cabinet such able statesmen as you have proved yourselves to be. I shall be pleased to avail myself of your counsel and advice, but I can never consent to be dictated to as to what I shall or shall not do. I am the president, and I shall be held responsible for my administration. I hope I shall have your hearty co-operation in carrying out its measures. So long as you see fit to do this I shall be glad to have you with me. When you think otherwise, I will be equally glad to get your resignation."

"This," concluded General Tyler, "settled the question, and there was no further trouble as to who was the head of the cabinet."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Suggestion For Dancing Parties.

The wits of hostesses are becoming more strained than ever in finding gentlemen capable of dancing to attend their parties. Ladies nimble and graceful are in abundance, but on the part of men the art of dancing seems to be a vanishing quantity.

A lady writes suggesting the organization of an agency similar to those existing in Paris and Berlin, where suitable dancing men could be hired for the occasion.

The hired guests would appear at the time appointed armed with guarantees of respectability and fitness for their occupation, to be allotted to their duties for the evening and leave at a proper hour, conscious of having done a good night's work and honestly earned a day's pay. Imagining how half a dozen to a dozen dancing men would brighten up a languishing dance!

Warranted to dance every item on the programme and to give not more than three dances to any young lady, they would infuse a tremendous amount of spirit into the proceedings. —Dancing.

THE SPRING SEASON OPENS.

Lexington Gazette.—A truthful friend vouches for the following, which he says happened under his own eyes: A woman in an adjoining lot was milking a cow in full view of where he sat on his porch. She had given the cow some corn to eat which she munched composedly, scattering some grains on the ground. Two handsome cats sat quietly by intent on the process of milking. After the milking was finished, a generous quantity of milk was poured into a tin pan and the cats drank their fill. As soon as they were satisfied both went through a fence into an adjoining enclosure and proceeded to round up a number of hens and chickens and drove them through the fence to where the cow had scattered the corn. These feline friends then laid down and guarded the chickens till they had eaten the corn, when they got up and followed the milkmaid in the house.

A LONG SPEECH.

Louisville Commercial.—Mr. J. C. Carter spoke in all forty hours in opening the case of this country before the Behring Sea Commission, and he spoke so well that the President of the tribunal said: "I can not refrain from thanking you, sir, for this magnificent speech, which has been characterized by a loftiness of view well worthy of this high court."

That eminent British organ, the New York Times, however, decided before Mr. Carter got nearly through his speech that this country has no case.

THE WORDS OF CHILDREN.

"Oh, Aunt Annie, I am to be cre-

ated tomorrow," exclaimed a small boy joyously on his arrival home from school one afternoon. "Now, does the child mean cremated or promoted?" said the aunt to a visitor who was present. "It is what Alice in Wonderland would call a portmanteau word," said her companion, "but it is not so bad as something my little son said the other day. He announced to every one in the house that his baby sister was to be 'crucified' the following Sunday. Of course he meant 'christened'."—New York Tribune.

It Tastes Good.

One reason why Scott's Emulsion of Pure No.

wegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime

and Soda has had such a large sale is because it is

"Almost as palatable as milk;" but the best reason is

that its curative properties are unequalled. It cures

the cough, supplies the waste of tissues, produces

flesh and builds up the entire system.

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs,

Colds, Consumption, Sore Throat,

and all Anæmic and Wasting

Diseases. Prevents wasting in

children. Almost as palatable as

milk. Get only the genuine. Pre-

pared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists,

New York. Sold by all Druggists.

It Tastes Good.

BIG BARGAINS

AT

FAIR BROS. & CO.'S
POPULAR STORE.

Every day is a Special Bargain Day. We do not sell our Large Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Carpets, Trunks, Mattings, etc., to match competition, but we propose to sell them lower than competition. So each farmer desiring to get goods cheaper than any house in the country sell them should not fail to see us at once.

Mothers love to bring their children to us for Clothing, for three powerful reasons. First: We have the Largest and Loveliest Stock in town. Second: We have the politest salesmen in town. Third: The prices are lower than any house in town. Here are a few leaders: Children Suits \$1.00, worth \$1.50; a much better one at \$1.50, worth twice the money. Men's Suits \$4.00, worth \$6.00. Blue Cotonade Pants 50c. Plow Shoes \$1.00. Good Prints 5c. Good Ginghams 8½c. Fine White Goods 5c to 20c per yard.

A Special Sale of Millinery Goods the balance of May. We have the largest and prettiest line in Ohio county, and they go at prices that make them move. We want your Produce, Wool, Eggs and Feathers. Remember the place,

**HARTFORD TEMPLE OF FASHION,
FAIR BROS. & CO., Props.**

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1893.

PREMIUM!

One nice Patent Head Guitar given to anyone buying \$25.00 worth of goods (except oils and paints) at my House between this and January 1, 1894. \$1.00 worth of goods bought at one time entitles purchaser to one ticket. 25 tickets 1 guitar. *Respy,*

L. B. BEAN, Hartford, Ky.

WATTERSON, Watterson.

Fresh Groceries at Tracy & Son.

YES I am going to hear Watterson.

WATTERSON to-MORROW night.

Get your LUNCH at Tracy & Son.

Buy your Hats at Carson & Co's.

See the new Clothing at Carson & Co's.

When you are in town call on Tracy & Son.

LUNCH at Tracy & Son when at court Monday.

Call for the Clover Leaf Shoes at Carson & Co's.

If you want a good meal stop at the Hartford House.

YOU SHOULD take your girl to the Watterson Entertainment.

Miss Sara Collins, the hat trimmer, is over Carson & Co's, big store.

Our stock of Shoes cannot be excelled.

CARSON & CO.

We want your produce

TRACY & SON.

We have the best Milliner in the State.

CARSON & CO.

We will have fresh Bread Saturday evening.

TRACY & SON.

If you want a suit of Clothes, see Carson & Co., next door to the bank.

GET YOUR Seat for the Watterson Entertainment or you will be left outside.

HURRY up the reserved seats will all be gone for the Watterson Entertainment.

IT HAS been reported that everybody will be here to-morrow night, and we believe it.

ALL OUT for the Court House to hear Henry Watterson, the great editor and lecturer.

While attending Circuit Court, next week, stop at the Hartford House and get your meals.

Remember that we still handle the Anderson wear-for-ever shoe.

CARSON & CO.

Circuit Court commences Monday and while in town call and see our line of Groceries, Hardware and Quenware. TRACY & SON.

W. P. Arnold, A. M., Ph. D., will conduct a Training-School for Teachers at Leitchfield, Ky., beginning May 15th, and continuing eight weeks. Write for particulars. 39-3

Big bargains at Fair Bros. & Co.'s Monday.

Buy your boy a nice suit at Fair Bros. & Co.

Stylish Millinery, cheap, at Fair Bros. & Co.

Bargains in every department at Fair Bros. & Co.

Best Blue Cotonade pants 50c. at Fair Bros. & Co.

Elegant line of Men and Boys straw hats at Fair Bros. & Co.

Largest line of Ladies and Misses Slippers at Fair Bros. & Co.

Cash for produce.

STEVENS & COLLINS.

When you come to court next week call and see Casebier & Burton's bugs.

You can get the best of feed for your horse at Casebier & Burton's during Court.

Mothers, bring your little man to Kahn's Clothing House for a Suit that will please you.

For a shingle, shampoo or shave, call on H. C. Pace on Market street. No work done on Sundays.

See J. W. Hale's nice line of Jewelry, consisting of watches, clocks, chains, etc., at Fordsville.

J. W. Hale, Jeweler, Fordsville, is prepared to do all kinds of watch and clock repairing. Bring or send your work to him.

Thomas B. Austin and Miss Ida Hoskins were married in Hartford Wednesday evening. The young people are from the Prentiss neighborhood.

Mr. Aaron Godshaw, Beda's popular merchant, has bought property in Owensboro and will in a short time move his family there and go into business. He has done business in Beda for the past fifteen years and is known for his honest, upright business methods. Ohio county can't afford to lose such citizens.

Mrs. Ella Lamar, wife of Wm. Lamar, died near Barrett's Ferry last Saturday and was buried Sunday at the Acton Cemetery. A few weeks ago she was out in the field with her husband where he was burning some brush and getting too near the fire was enveloped in the flames, and in a few minutes her clothes were entirely burned off and she fell exhausted to the ground. She rallied and was taken home, where everything was done to restore her, but to no avail. Her funeral was preached by Rev. R. D. Bennett.

The other day a representative of the REPUBLICAN was passing the feed store of J. W. Ford & Co. and noticed a number of friends there; stepping in he found Col. W. Moore, J. W. Ford, E. L. Sullenger, E. T. Williams, Dr. J. E. Pendleton, Jesse Potter, T. Ross and the pencil-pusher. It was suggested that all weigh and they did. The heaviest was E. T. Williams, 243½; next W. H. Moore, 242½. The lightest was Dr. Pendleton who weighed 194 and the next to the lightest was Jesse Potter; 204. The total weight of the seven pictures (?) was 1,574½ or an average of 224 lbs and 14 ounces. When it came to the quill driver's time to weigh he felt so insignificant and so unutterably small that the scales could not be persuaded to testify that he possessed any weight at all.

KENTUCKY. [EXCHANGE.]

The outside world looks with some surprise at the attitude of the present Legislature in regard to the present school system of the State. Judge W. M. Beckner, of Winchester, in a communication to the Courier Journal of March 22d, reviews its recent action at length, pointing out its extreme unwise action.

Such a dissection as Judge Beckner gives must open the eyes of honest and intelligent people to the real enemies of this attack on the school system of Kentucky.

Judge Beckner, than whom there is no abler, truer man in the state, was the avowed, open-handed champion of another candidate for the office of State Superintendent in the Convention, which nominated Hon. Ed Porter Thompson, and in his nominating speech made a most eloquent plea for his favorite, Prof. Hughes, hence his letter to the Courier Journal has a double force, and Judge Beckner speaks his convictions with no uncertain sound.

We regret that we cannot print the whole of his able plea that Kentucky shall not stultify herself, in taking these steps backward in the face of progress made by all the other States in the Union, in extending and perfecting the school systems. Judge Beckner concludes his able letter as follows:

"Ed Porter Thompson is an honest, earnest, faithful, zealous and broad-minded man, and has the courage of his convictions about every question that he has been called on to consider. He is a common-school man, because from the bottom of his soul he believes in popular education. There is no special tie between us, but I admire him as a man, and know that he is nobly doing his duty as an official. Why the house should seek thus to degrade and weaken his office I cannot imagine, as I have suggested, there is a malign influence which has a mercenary or vindictive motive for bringing about these changes. His office ought to be built up and strengthened, and not weakened, as is being done by the House. The Philistines at Frankfort do not stay the Sampson of popular education, but they may have him bound with withes, or put out his eyes. Let them beware, however, because he may at

any time bring destruction upon them when they think him helpless. I have written you hurriedly, but a greater length than I expected when I began, hoping to draw the attention of those interested to the course being pursued at Frankfort with reference to the most vital interest of the Commonwealth. If the Legislature deals in this narrow spirit with the head of the educational system of the State, what may it not do with the body?"

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DO YOU KNOW

That E. Tracy has a new type writer?

That Sam Jones looks like I. E. McClure?

That C. R. Martin has gotten in a good humor?

That there will be a Wedding a town Sunday?

That Rob. Nelson makes regular trips to the country?

That P. L. Berkshire has about completed Peck's Diary?

That Henry Watterson will give a good lecture Saturday night?

That John Vaught says the editor of this column is too smart?

That there will be a wedding in Hartford before the leaves begin to fall?

That all of the Hartford people who heard Sam Jones are well pleased with his preaching?

That Silas Griffin has been asking why his name hasn't been mentioned in this column?

That Jim Williams is not to be outdone but will attend the Watterson entertainment?

That a Hartford girl once said it was too much trouble to be a beau, and she hasn't hardly had a beau since?

That the following poetry was written by a young lady upon being kissed for the first time?

You kissed me! My head

Dropped low on your breast

With a feeling of shelter

And infinite rest.

While the holy emotions

My tongue dared not speak

Flashed up in a flame

From my heart to my cheek.

Your arm held me fast—

Oh! your arms were so bold—

Heart beat against heart

In their passionate fold.

Your glances seemed drawing

My soul through my eyes

As the sun draws the mist

From the seas to the skies.

Your lips clung to mine

Till I prayed in my bliss

They might never unclasp

From the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart

And my breath and my will

In delirious joy

For a moment stood still.

Life had for me that

No temptations, no charms,

No vision of happiness

Outside of your arms,

And were I this instant

An angel possessed

Of the peace and the joy

That are given the blest,

I would fling my white robes

Unrepiningly down—

I would tear from my forehead

Its beautiful crown

To nestle once more

In that haven of rest,

Your lips upon mine,

My head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul

In a bliss so divine

Reeled like a drunken man

Foolish with wine;

And I thought 'twere delicious

To die there if death

Would come while my lips

Were yet moist with your breath.

If I might grow cold,

While your arms clasped me round

In their passionate fold.

And these are the questions

I ask day and night—

Must lips taste no more?

Such exquisite delight?

Would you care if your breast

Were my shelter as then?

And if you were here?

Would you kiss me again?

The Powder of Projection.

The belief in transmutation and in

the virtues of the "powder of projection"

is to be found more clearly

stated in the works of Zosimus of

Panopoli, the earliest known writer

on alchemy whose authentic works

have come down to us, for in his first

lesson he exclaims, "How beautiful

it is to see the changes of the four

FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1893.

FIN DE SIECLE FUN.

"A fine old gentleman!"—"I know the sort—With country air and cosmopolitan port: In dress fastidious to the last degree; But favoring styles of some past century; One to whom all the past might hold was sweet, Old and wise."

All things to hygiene standards he referred, And "the old school" was his familiar word. He loved to give at a dinner-table, "age," Fine old men, and old women at our side, Citing the old Booth, Macready, Kean, With lesser lights his favored eyes had seen. Thus at his club—the oldest in the town—Life and death, and all the world around, Until his friends, as love their patience ran, Resolved to trap the "old gentleman." So on a night when he was at his post, And in the "old school" he was accused, When dinner, served as dinner time approved, Was under way, the soup but just removed—A well instructed steward brought the fish. The old man, with a good case of "peashash," All his dinner at a look was eaten, Both He fiercely launched a fine old fashioned oath, Whereas the servant, bowing humbly, said, "The fish for your especial taste was made, For you—just a wink at those who chose him."

"That mackerel, sir, was one of the 'old school'."

—Life.

A Domestic Episode.

"I called," said the lady patient, looking round with a mysterious manner, "to consult you, doctor, about my foot."

"Yes?" said the doctor, stifling a yawn and looking at his watch. "Have you injured it in any way?"

"Oh, no; but it pains constantly, and I can hardly get my shoe on."

"Two small" suggested the doctor, glancing cautiously in the direction of his patient's feet, which were invisible.

"No, doctor, my shoes are twice too large for me."

"Perhaps that is the trouble?" suggested the doctor, looking as if he was trying to believe it.

"It is only one foot that is affected."

"Perhaps you would better see a chiropodist," said the doctor.

"Oh, no, indeed. It's much more serious than that. I can't imagine what it is, but it is really very painful."

"And you say you have not injured it, madame?"

"Never. You see, I've not been in a railroad accident or a runaway, or been run over by an electric car, or anything. I did drop a sardine on it one day when I was ironing, but it couldn't have been that—could it?"

"Well, I never!" said the doctor, as he wrote out a prescription in Latin for mustard liniment. "Of all sad things in life a sardine is the saddest, and the most fatal."—Detroit Free Press.

Want to Get Well.

It is often said that physicians are well used to ingesting, but perhaps they could bear the unpalatable draft with composure if it were always as disgusting as in the following cases.

Dr. J. M. Warren had lost the habit for a number of years of giving professional advice to a lady in reduced circumstances, who however regarded as hardly able to offer him any compensation.

At length she ceased consulting him, and he did not see her for a long time. Finally, happening to meet her in the street, he said to her:

"Why, Mrs. —, what has become of you? You haven't been near me for months?"

"Well, the fact is, Dr. Warren," she said, in all simplicity, "I didn't seem to gain very much, and I thought I'd consult a pay doctor!"—Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Say When.

I had occasion to come to New York from Chicago one cold winter's night a year ago. The car was wretchedly heated and as drably as sleeping cars generally are. In the morning, after a miserable night's rest, I pulled my flask out of my bag in search of warmth and comfort. As I started to fill the cup I perceived that the eyes of the porter were wistfully fixed on the liquid, and as the day was so cold I could not resist his pleading gaze. "Bring a glass," I said, and as he promptly held it up, "say when," I added, pouring the whisky slowly out. The darky rolled his eyes toward the roof of the car till the whites alone were visible. "Be blind, deaf and dumb, sah!" he exclaimed. —Quips.

Conclusive.



Two men are in a room. One man is holding a small dog on a leash. The other man is wearing a top hat and holding a pipe. They appear to be in a discussion.

Nervous Old Party—Will he bite?

Nervy Salesman—They ain't no bite to him.

N. O. P.—What's its name?

N. S.—Marguerite.

N. O. P.—But its head is so large.

N. S.—A sign of unusual intelligence.

N. O. P.—What is it?

N. S.—A toy terrier.

N. O. P.—Is it pure breed?

N. S.—It oughter be. I raised it from a toy myself!—Life.

An Inferno.

Featherstone—What do you think of this, old man? I called on your friend, Miss Penstock, in it last night and made a great impression. By the way, she says she wants to see you.

Ringsway—She probably wants me to pay for having introduced you.—Clothier and Furnisher.

His All.

Father—How much do you expect to spend a year on my daughter's clothes?

Suitor—She can have my salary if that will help you out any.—Club.

Unseen.

"I didn't see Charlie Littleman at the reception yesterday afternoon."

"He was there, but he was behind a chrysanthemum."—Vogue.

Long Distance Rides in Australia.

In Australia, where population is sparse and distances are great, some remarkable feats of endurance in horseback riding are credited to the mounted police—feats more remarkable in some instances, taking into account all the circumstances, than those accomplished by the winners in the military ride between Vienna and Berlin. Trooper Power, in February, 1880, undertook an arduous journey across most inhospitable country in pursuit of a horse stealer named John Smith. This zealous officer traveled 766 miles in twenty-six days without changing horses. For one stage of eighty miles he was wholly without water, and the country was in such a bad state for 130 miles that his two horses had nothing to eat.

His powers of endurance may be judged from the statement that he did thirty miles a day on worn out horses, along long, dry stages, and with bad water or no water at all to

drink. Trooper Willshire, on another occasion, rode eighty-five miles in twenty hours on one horse. This was on May 28, 1887, two days after the natives had "stuck up" Erdluna station. The same man traveled 200 miles in four days when he heard that a comrade named Shirley had died of thirst. He did not have macadamized roads and plenty of fresh water, like the German officers, but had a broiling sun to endure, sand hills to climb, "mudga" scrub to penetrate, and was sometimes compelled to take dead animals out of native wells before he could use the water. —London News.

Love's Perseverance.

Nothing succeeds like success, and a young man in Detroit is in a fair way to prove the truth of the axiom if perseverance is any sign of a duck's nest. He has been in love with a girl for a long time, and there has been no doubt in the minds of their respective friends that she has refused him more times than one. Not long ago he sold his roommate that on that evening he was going to ask her again. At midnight when he returned he was so cheerful that his friend hardly thought it necessary to ask him about his success, but he did.

He shook his head.

"What! She didn't refuse you, did she?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad. By Jove, I'd let her go."

"It's all right," said the suitor confidently. "I didn't expect any better luck. It's the thirteenth time I've asked her, and of course she wouldn't accept. I've got an open field now before me, and you'll be her yet."—Detroit Free Press.

The Brutal.



A man in a top hat and coat is holding a woman in a dress. The woman appears to be in distress or being held against her will.

"Does he write to you regularly since you became engaged?"

"No. Sometimes I only get one letter a day."—Life.

A Reproof.

Old Aunt Dinah was a colored woman, who had a remarkably strong voice and would sing and cry "glory" with such vigor as to be heard above all the rest of the congregation, but she was of an unpleasantly "singing" disposition.

It was the custom at the missionary meetings of the church she attended to take up a collection during the singing of the hymn, "Fly Aloud, Thou Mighty Gospel!" In the midst of which Aunt Dinah always threw back her head, closed her eyes and sang away at the top of her lungs till the plate had passed her by.

The collector, who was a man of plain speech, observed this habit of the old woman's, and one evening when he came to her seat he stopped short, and surveying her rapt countenance said bluntly: "Look a-heah, yo' Aunt Dinah! What's de good ob yo' a-singin a-singin. Fly Aloud, Thou Mighty Gospel! of yo' doan' gib miflin to make her fly?"—Youth's Companion.

Two of a Kind.

Training will do many things, but it has seldom brought together "two such incongruous mates as in this story."

Little Barbara had been sick, but was convalescent.

"Are you my doctor?" she said, waking up suddenly and finding a strange lady at her bedside.

"No, dear," said the strange lady, "I am your trained nurse."

"Ah, that's better," exclaimed the little girl. "I shall like you very much. Trained nurse," she continued, pointing to a cage hanging near the window, "let me introduce you to my trained canary."—St. Paul Globe.

Explained.

Mrs. Growler—Now, grocer, you have charged me for things I've never had. What do you mean by such items as one handkerchief, three roses, one pocketful of almonds, two mouthfuls of brown sugar—oh?

Grocer—It means, Mrs. Growler, that ladies what will bring their children with them when they do their marketing has got to pay for all they gets.—Harper's Bazaar.

His Role.

Distinguished Amateur (to manager)—I have recently inherited \$100,000, and I should like to go on the stage. Can you place me?

Manager—Oh, yes.

Distinguished Amateur—In an important part?

Manager—Very: financial backer.—Truth.

Worse and Worse.

Landlord (showing a prospective tenant through the flat)—The room across the hall is worth \$10 a month. This one is better ventilated and rents for \$80.

Possessive Tenant—Ah, so you've got down to charging for air, eh?—Chicago Tribune.

An Oversight.

Strawber—Old man, I'm going to take the first step tonight. I propose to Miss Quillerton.

Singerly—Are you going to do it in that necktie?

Strawber—Why, yes, of course.

Singerly—Then if she says yes, old fellow, you may be sure it is a case of true love.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Just the Name.

Clerk—Have you a name for this new flannel?

Manager—Yes, we'll call it boys' flannel.

"Why, that doesn't sound quite right."

"Well, it will when they see how it shrinks from washing."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A NICE LITTLE JOKE.
But the Extra Baggage Was Too Much for the Chicago Man.

"We had some fun last week," said the drummer to the hotel clerk Saturday night after he had taken his supper and his week's work was done.

"Come on," suggested the clerk encouragingly.

"It was up at a station on the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad, where there is a sawmill and a store or two and timber is plenty. There were three or four of us, one of the party a young Chicago drummer, who was as fresh as Lake Michigan. He was jollying everybody as we were waiting for a delayed train, and at last he tackled the man who checked the baggage.

"I say," he said to him, with a wink at the rest of us, "can I get a trunk checked here for Detroit?"

"Certainly, if you've got a ticket," replied the baggage man.

"That's all right. I've got the ticket, but checking the trunk is what bothers me."

"Don't worry about that, mister," said the simple minded baggage man. "I can check any sort of trunk you've got."

"This is such a trunk as I never saw checked," explained the Chicago fresh.

"Bring on your trunk; I'll fix it," insisted the baggage man.

"I'll bet you \$5 you won't do it," bluffed the Chicago man.

"The baggage man replied by taking out a fier and putting it in my hands, and Chicago came up smiling and put his trunk in.

"Wait," he said to the baggage man, with another wink at me, "till I go back to the hotel and get it."

"Then he disappeared, and in about 10 minutes he pulled up alongside the trunk with a team of cattle dragging the trunk at a trot about 25 feet and 2 feet in diameter at its smallest girth.

"Here you are," shouted the Chicago man, with a big laugh of triumph, "bring on your check. This is my trunk."

"I thought, and so did the rest of us, that Chicago had the countryman, and he looked it himself at first, for there was no use talking, he could never get that thing into the car, but he got his second wind in a moment.

"All right," he said, smiling at the drummer, "Till over to the man, haul it over to me, Bill, and weigh it."

"What's that for?" asked the drummer, without a wink to us, "till I go back to the hotel and get it."

"To see how much it weighs," said the baggage man quietly. "Lawn you your 150 pounds, I should say there was about 3,000 pounds extra baggage in that trunk, and it'll cost you something over \$50 to get it down to Detroit. Hurry up, Bill," he called to the driver, "that train'll be along in 10 minutes."

"But Bill didn't hurry. The Chicago man paid him half a dollar for his trouble, yielded up his V to the green and guileless baggage man, and didn't have anything more to say to anybody."

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